

WEEKLY FAIR PLAY.



THURSDAY, - - NOV. 7, 1872.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A Gambling Scene on the T. P. R. R.

The St. Louis Democrat tells how a couple of blacklegs, who had "opened a little game" of three-card monte on a recent overland train, were victimized by one of their own fraternity:

A rough-looking customer, apparently a Texan, was an interested spectator, and having sold his cattle and being flush, concluded, to bet against it. He put up \$100 at first and lost it, and becoming excited, staked \$1,000, which he also lost. With the determination of a man who knew he was right, and would bet on it, he went down in an inside pocket of his jeans vest and drawing forth a huge roll of greenbacks, selected four one thousand dollar bills, and offered to bet them that he could select the eagle. The eyes of the thrower gleamed with joy at the sight of the pile, and promptly covering the money with \$4,000 of his ill-gotten gains, he put forth all his dexterity to deceive the gray. After throwing, bending and manipulating the cards until he supposed it impossible that he could lose, he told his supposed prey to turn his card. The flat appeared puzzled; and looked first at one card and then at another, and finally admitted that he had lost track of the cards, and supposed that he was beaten. He finally timidly raised one of them, and to the intense disgust of the blacklegs, selected the right one. The men would doubtless have refused to give up the money, and perhaps have thrown the man from the train in preference to losing the stakes, had not the stranger exhibited the greatest delight, and, under the impression that he could do the same thing again, offered to bet as much more. The blacklegs held a consultation, and after putting together all the money left in the party, amounting to about \$1,500, gave the gray another whirl. The same look of anxiety and doubt was seen on the stranger's face, but he at last turned up a card, and, as before, selected as before.

The sharpers sprang to their feet, and the thrower reached towards the money, but found the gray's hand was before him. Drawing in the money with one hand, the gray reached back with the other, and throwing up the skirts of his coat, displayed two huge navy revolvers, on the hand of one of which his hand carelessly decended. The sharpers found themselves beaten, and with the best grace they could assume retired and left the cars at the next station. Casting one last lingering glance at the car in which they had lost their money, they saw the Texan grinning at them from the platform, and were thunderstruck at hearing him say: "You picked me up for a greenhorn, but I don't mind telling you now that I'm one of the boys myself."

The trio stood and gazed at him in open mouth astonishment, while "one of the boys" slowly moved off with the parting train, smiling sweetly at them and he waved an adieu with his handkerchief. The discomfited party, on looking at their cards, discovered that their friend, on yicking up the eagle card, had adroitly punched an almost imperceptible hole in one corner of it by means of a pointer ring which he wore on his little finger, and which they at first failed to see.

There must be something done to prevent those horrible mistakes of druggists' clerks. One of the careless fellows lately gave a young man in Louisville a bottle of mullage instead of cologne. The youth went to church, and, after applying the contents freely to his handkerchief, and applying the handkerchief, freely to his nose, he was in no condition for devout worship. This thing is getting to be alarming.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Which are the most melancholly trees? The weeping-willow and the pine apple.

Badly Mixed.

"What's the matter Bob?"
"Sam, who am I?"
"Why, you are yourself, Bob Harrison, ain't you?"
"No, far from it."
"Why, what's the matter?"
"Well, sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know who I am."
"Don't take it so hard to heart."
"I ain't, I'm taking it in my handkerchief."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"
"Why, I'm married."
"Married? ha! ha! ha! why, sir, you should be happy."

"Yes, but I ain't."

"Why, all married folks are supposed to be happy."

"Yes, but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so hard—tell us about it."

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You see I married a widdler, and this widdler had a daughter."

"Oh yes! You have been making love to this daughter."

"No! worse than that. You see, my father was a widdler, and he married this daughter, so that makes my father my son-in-law, don't it?"

"Well, don't you see how I am mixed up?"

"Well, sir, is that all?"

"No, I only wish it was. Don't you see, my stepdaughter is my step-mother, ain't she? Well, then, her mother is my grandmother, ain't she?"

"Well, I am married to her, ain't I? So that makes me my own grand-dad, doesn't it?"

Plump Pits.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

It is a grateart tew kno how tew listen.

Love seems tew have this effect. It makes a yung man sober, and old man gay.

It ain't bekause lovers are so sensittif that they quarrel so often. It is bekause there iz so much pluin in making up.

About the last thing a man duz tew korrekt his faults iz tew quit them.

The chief end of woman, now daze tew seems tew be tew wear new silk clothes, and the chief end of man seems to be to pay for them.

Pure ignorance, after all, iz the best alloy for vanity, for a vain phool iz quite harmless.

It iz better that we be grater than our condishun in life, than tew have our condishun appear tew grate for us.

There iz nothing that a man kan do that should ent him off from pity, the fakt that he iz human should always entitle him to commiseration.

If yu seek wisdom in yung friend, studdy men and things; if yu desire learning, studdy dikshionarys.

I think opportunitys are made full az often az they happen.

It iz a grate deal eaz-er tew look upon those who are below us, with pity, than tew look upon those who are abuv us, without envy.

Good common sense is az helthy az onions, we often see those who are good simply bekause they haint got sense enuff tew be good.

Envy iz sutch a constant companion that if we find no one abuv us to envy, we will envy those below us.

There iz no servitude in life so oppressive az tew be obliged to flatter those whom we don't respect enuff tew praze.

Wit, without sense, iz like a razor without a handle.

We mingle in sosity, but not so much tew meet others az tew escape ourselves.

The truly innoent are those who not only are guiltless themselves but who think others are.

To meet death without betraying any emoshun iz tew be simply az courageous as a beast.—[N. Y. Weekly.]

The Stocton (Cedar county) Journal has the following in regard to tobacco: "An acre will almost produce 1000 lbs, worth \$120 or more. One man can tend three acres, and only need be hired five months, which, at \$20 per month would be \$200, leaving a profit of \$200, or \$86.66 per acre. Those are facts, and in view of them we say anybody can get rich right here in Cedar county."

The increase in the registered vote of the following eleven counties Chariton, Greene, Monroe, Phelps, Randolph, Ray, Marion, Washington, Pratte, Buchanan and Callaway, since 1870, is 14,528. At this rate of increase all over the State, Missouri would poll about 180,000 more votes than in 1870.

The Hillsboro "Democrat" says, "some De Soto boys working for the Railroad Company, while quarrying rock, near Glencwood, last week, captured an enormously large spider (tarantula), which they put in a box and conveyed home. It was said to measure about eight inches from tip to tip of legs when spread out."

Why is a screw in tight like a screw in loose? Because it is in-sure.

Letter and Note Heads printed at this office.

All Our Readers Should Take It.

One of the most useful as well as the most handsome weekly papers that comes to our sanctum is the AMERICAN LAND AND LAW ADVISOR, published at Pittsburgh, Pa., by Messrs. Croft & Phillips. It is a PAPER FOR THE MASSES, and should be taken by every business man, mechanic, land owner, or those about to build, or purchase any kind of property. It gives you ALL your Legal Advice Free, ORIGINAL DESIGNS for cottages, dwelling houses, suburban and country residences, and a vast fund of practical information such as is found in no other paper in the world. We find the following law questions—submitted to the paper by subscribers—answered fully, INTELLIGENTLY, and very satisfactorily in a recent issue. This feature is alone worth to every subscriber TEN times the subscription price:

Can a husband, who may be a justice, take the acknowledgement of his wife? (H. T.)

Where A. gives to B., his son, a farm for his natural life, and at his death to go to his heirs, &c., what claim has B's widow on the farm after B's death? (A Subscriber.)

Where one farmer agreed to cut with a machine a field for another, and was prevented from finishing the same for a whole week, by reason of continuous heavy rains, in consequence of which the whole field was lost; how far is he responsible for the loss? (J. F. C.)

In Ohio, when has county Auditor the right to demand from delinquent tax payers (by reason of claiming that the tax is levied on bona fide debts) the names of creditors, &c? (A Subscriber.)

Can a surety on a bond, which turns out to hold him to different obligations from what he understood and intended at time of signing; avoid the bond? (Deceived.)

Where a woman, being engaged to be married, obtained a deed from her betrothed, based on the marriage contract, and then refuses to marry him; what redress has the man? (Inquiry.)

What redress has a father against the keeper of a "public den" for the ruin of his two sons? (J. E.)

In addition to all of the above, the publishers give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful oil chromo, "THE LOST BARK," fully worth \$5.00;—all for \$2.50. We would advise all our readers to subscribe for the ADVISOR, as they will find it the most profitable newspaper investment they ever made. Send two stamps for sample copy.

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W. E. S.

Table of Weights.

The following is a table of the lawful weights of this State. As it is of fiscal, it is valuable for future reference.

Pounds to the Bushel.

Apples, dried.....	21
Barley.....	48
Beans.....	50
Bran.....	29
Buckwheat.....	52
Blue grass seed.....	14
Broom corn seed.....	30
Castor Beans.....	46
Clover seed.....	60
Corn on the cob.....	70
Corn shelled.....	56
Corn meal.....	60
Coal.....	80
Flax seed.....	26
Hungarian grass seed.....	45
Hemp seed.....	44
Lime.....	80
Millet seed.....	45
Oats.....	32
Onions.....	37
Osage Orange Seed.....	32
Potatoes, sweet.....	59
Potatoes, Irish.....	60
Peaches, dried.....	33
Rye.....	56
Salt.....	50
Stone coal.....	80
Lard (8 gallons equal 1 bushel).....	64
Sorghum seed.....	39
Timothy.....	45
Wheat.....	60

Ste. Genevieve Mails.

FARMINGTON, IRON MOUNTAIN AND ST. LOUIS.

Arrives daily at 4 1-2 P. M. Departs daily at 6 A. M.

QUARRYTOWN, STE. MARY'S AND PEABODYVILLE.

Departs Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 6 A. M. Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

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Departs Thursday at 6 A. M. Arrives Wednesday at 6 P. M.

GRANTVILLE, arrives and departs Tuesday and Friday.

Upper River Mail, arrives Tuesday and Saturday morning. Departs Wednesday.

Lower River Mail arrives Wednesday and Saturday. Departs Monday and Friday night.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the estate of Henry Janis, deceased, late of Ste. Genevieve County, state of Missouri, have been granted to the undersigned Jules F. Janis, by the clerk of the county court of the county of Ste. Genevieve State of Missouri bearing date the 14th day of September 1872. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance, within one year after the date of said Letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.

September 26, 1872.
17-4 JULES F. JANIS, Executor.

C. BISCH.

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